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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PARTY IN THE PAURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

VOL. VI.

HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1894.

THEY'RE WAY AHEAD of the ordinary, commonplace pills in every way. That is the reason why Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are sold on trial, as it were. They're guaranteed. If they don't give satisfaction, you can have your money back.

In Billousness, or in any disorder of the stomach and bowels, you need these little "Pellets." They're small, easy to take, and perfectly natural in the way they work. No reaction after them; you get real and lasting good. They permanently care Siek or Billous Headaches, Constipation, Jaundice, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, and consequent stupor or drowsiness.

You can depend upon Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a perfect and permanent cure in the worst cases of Chronic Catarrh. It's a mild, soothing, cleansing, and bealing pre-paration, which doesn't simply palliate, but completely cures. Its proprietors offer \$500 reward for any incurable case.

LOUISVILLE, NT. LOUIS & TEX. R. S Louisville, St. Louis 1 acres ailver.

	-	
SCHEDULK IN KEFF WEST BOUND.	No.51, Daily.	No. 53, Paily.
Lv. Louisville	7:45 m. m.	4:25 p. m.
West Point	8:11 a. m.	7:20 p. m
Braudenburg	9:17 a. m.	8:07 p. m
treit g'on	94 a. m.	8-37 p. m
ephenepert	10:21 s. m.	9:21 p. m
Cloverport	10:41 u. m.	9:46 p. m
Howe-ville	11:11 a. m.	10.10 p. m
Lewisport	11:35 s. m.	10:34 p. m
Owenslero	12: 16 p. m.	11:11 p. m
Spottsville	1:04 p. m.	11.66 p m
Ar. Henderson	1:25 p. m.	12:20 a. m
EAST BOUND.	No. 52, Daily.	No. 54, Daily
Lv. Henderson	7:15 a. m.	3: 15p. w
Spottsville	7:37 a. m.	3:37 p. m
Owen-torn,	8:27 a. to.	4:25 p. m
Lewisport	9:08 a. m.	5:06 p. m
Haursville	9:33 A. M.	8:30 p. m
Cloverport	10:01 a. m.	5:57 p. m
Stephensport	10-26 a. m.	6:19 p. m
Irvington	11:02 a. m.	7:05 p, m
Brandenburg	11:29 a. m.	7:31 p. m
West Point	12:05 p. m.	8:05 p. m.
	TO ANTINE STATE OF THE PARTY OF	TO ART CHARGE VALUE OF STREET

Tsains No. 51 and No. 52 make connection a Irvington (Sunday excepted) with trains on Louisville, Hardinsburg & Western R. R., cast and N. G. MORDUE, Gen. Pa'r Ag't.

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Ask your nearest Ticket Agent for maps, time tables, etc., and write to any of the following for all information you may desire concerning the trip to the Great Southwest.

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## Arkansas and Texas

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T. B. LYNCH. G. P. A., Doulsville, Ky. JIM LONG'S STORY.

A Mounted Hunter's Circus with Four Grizzly Bears.

Old Jim Long propped himself back in his chair and elevated his feet to a more convenient level against the cottonwood under which we were sitting in front of Billy Dawson's store at San Marcial, in southern New Mexico. Jim was an old-timer, having come to New Mex- at ico with a bull team thirty years back, and what he didn't know about fighting Apaches and hunting bears wasn't worth knowing.

"About five years ago," he said, "I had a bunch of cattle over in the Gila country, some seventy or eighty miles north of Silver City. During our first two months there we heard from various parties who had cattle near us that bears were very plentiful, and that one old grizzly had cun three or four outfits, all of them baving failed to kill her, although they had shot her several times. The amount of lead a grizzly will take into his anatomy without serious results is simply wonderful. I have seen an old fellow fairly filled with lead and still be in fighting trim. "Well, although we had heard

considerable about bears, we had been there some time before any of our outfit got sight of one. At last, one day, two of my men and a boy had gone out to look for some steers that had strayed away. Their route led them through a rough foot-hill country, and took them farther from camp than usual. The boy, who was a little chap only about twelve years old, was the son of a friend, and had been brought into the mountains for his health. He was riding on a mule and was a little distance ahead of the men when he suddenly ran on to a big grizzly among the scrub oak. The instant the mule sighted the bear he bolted down the slope to the left, throwing the boy off, and the animal started for him. The men had come up by this time, and while one opened fire on him with a six-shooter the other rushed in, and, stooping over, caught the boy up in front of him; none too soon, either, for the bear was within ten feet of the boy. It proved to be an old she grizzly, and the men fired at her seven or eight times without

said I would have that bear if it | -Chicago Record. took a month, but as we were busy nearly a week. However, I got off at last, one crisp, frosty morning —this was early in November—a time of the year when everything is looking its best in that country. Never been in the mountains in the fall, eh? Well, you have missed a whole lot, then. Why, the breath of the pines and pinions up there just puts new life into a man, to say nothing of the beauty of the scenery and the pleasure of the open-air

"There had been several frosts, and the gentle breeze that crept down from the higher land that morning rustled through the fiery scrub oak and yellow quaking asps in the pleasantest way imaginable, while underfoot was a soft carpet of dry pine grass. I traveled through the foot hills fully twelve miles, entirely past the place where the boy had fallen off, without seeing the sign of a bear. As I had gone along slowly it was noon by that time, so picketed my horse to graze, atemy lunch, and after an hour's rest started back for camp. The after-noon had turned cloudy, with the air chilly and damp—just the time for bear, as such an afternoon would likely bring them down to the lower ridges to feed on acorns, of which there was a large crop. The bear is very fend of acorns and will wander a long way from his sleeping place to feed on them. The little spurs or foot-hills that jutted out from the range were covered with a heavy growth of this brush, and I felt pretty sure that I would find something

on my way home. "I had traveled nearly half the distance on my return trip, when, on starting down the further slope of the spur, I saw, down a little grade, four bears feeding in the brush. They were so busy thrashing around among the oaks gathering the nuts that they had not seen me. My horse was an old hunter, steady as a rock, and I knew there was no danger of his leaving me. Two large old fellows were feeding close together. Slipping gently from my horse, I let drive at one of them, aiming for the butt of his ear, ranging back. All this was, of course, in

ess time than I can tell it. "When the bear received my shot, which was, unfortunately, too low, striking him in the shoulder, he evidently thought for a moment that the other bear had struck him, for he hauled off and gave it a most terrifle blow, knocking it some twenty or thirty feet. A stroke from a full-grown grizzly's paw, let me tell you, is no joke, either, as a grizzly can crush a horse's skull at a single sweep of his paw. The bear scrambled to his feet in an instant, and I let him have it again as he rose,

breaking his neck. "The other, which was an old shebear, started for me and I opened on her. My rifle is a forty-sixty, with chilled ball. With reloaded shells, as mine were, I used sixty-five grains of powder; but I let her have it three times in the throat and once in the mouth without stopping her, and she was within forty feet of me when I heard a noise to my left. Glancing out of the corner of my eve I saw that one of the other bears was coming for me from that side. There was no time for thought; what was to be done must be done in-

"At dismounting I had dropped old Charlie's rein. In an Instant 1 had gathered it up and slipped into my saddle. Old Charlie must have made about twenty feet at the first lunge. I gathered myself together, and, as the horse circled around the last one, I put three bullets into him at short range, but did not knock him down. The old she bear was following me up, grunting like an enraged boar; I took another shot at her, putting a bullet right through her heart, but she still came on, with the bloody foam flying out of her mouth and the blood spurting in a stream from her last wound at

every step.
"I shoved in some fresh cartridges, the horse keeping some distance ahead of her at a little canter. I could but notice the expression of her great blocky face as she followed me; it was full of a dumb rage that was sickening to see, and her small, knowing eyes, now almost red, had a glint in them that meant

death. "She followed me fully two hundred yards, growing visibly weaker at every shamble. I had, in the meantime, taken a couple of shots at her over the horse's tail. At the last she stopped and lay down, too sick to go further, but ready to fight was any indication.

"Seeing it was all up with her I began to look round for the second one I had shot. He had dragged himself off up the slope, leaving a broad trail behind him. I soon overtook him and a shot behind the foreleg settled his case. The first

lay where he dropped, quite dead.
"When I examined the old she bear I found more than a dozen old bullet wounds on her. It was doubtless the one my men had met and that had been the terror of the country. The fourth one I did not see after the first shot, it having in all probability struck up into the thick timber of the range.

"I rode back to camp and we brought back the wagon that evening packing the bears down to it on the horses, and got them all safely in just at dark. They were in excel-lent condition-too fat, in fact-the fat on the hindquarters of two of them being three or four inches thick. We had bear spare ribs for a week and more bear oil for cook-"When I heard of it that night I ling than we knew what to do with."

### Hard Times at the Capital

"Say, mister," said a boy who had just overtaken a market wagon after pursuing it for four or five blocks, do you wanter know who hit you in the neck with that hard snow-

slackening speed. "Will ye gimme a quarter of I ketch him and bring him here?"

"Yep." "Yes," said the driver, lifting the whip from the socket; "but I won't

give you any more'n that.' 'Well, git the money ready." "You haven't got the boy that

threw the snowbali yet." "Yes I have. That boy is me. Dad's sick and me mother can't git work. The twins is too little ter earn anything an' if I don't hustle there won't be anything to eat at our house. I'll take a lickin' any day for fifty cents."

"Sonny," said the marketman, in voice that was remarkably husky, "here's your fifty cents. I'm in a hurry now - you needn't bother about deliverin' the goods. We'll call it square."-Washington Star.

### Max O'Rell and Women [COURIER-JOURNAL.]

Mr. Max O'Rell, in a recent lecture on "Woman," at Manchester, England, said that the leaders of thought had said woman was the only problem not given to man to solve. They had all tried, had failed, and were still trying. A Frenchman had peculiar views about women. In his eyes she was an ever-present and fixed idea; his interest in her was never exhaust-

ed. There was nothing more absurd than this to the mind of an Anglo-Saxon. If the French mixed more with the other sex as children they might probably acquire the Anglo-Saxon coolness. The object of man's worship must always have something of mystery. So Frenchmen considered a woman far superior to themselves. Not because she was so, but because they made an ideal of her. and had only found two countries where the men were in leading strings and the wamen were the leaders -France and America; so he would limit his remarks to the women of those countries. In the French household woman was queen; she led her husband and he did not complain; she knew all his affairs. He consulted her about his investments; that was why wealth in France was so stable, because women were not specplative. She might be affected sometimes, but she was never vulgar. She thoroughly understood the poetry of

absurdity. Though a Frenchman, he must know as much about it as the ordinary tourist, and how could the woman be frivolous who was the confidant of her husband and had a deliberate voice in his affairs? Among the tradesmen the wife keeps the books, and could carry on the business after her husband's death. When a French girl of that class married she was mancipated; in England she often

matrimony. French women were

called frivolous; it was the height of

lost her liberty. In England a wom-an knew nothing of her husband's affairs, not as much as his clerk. The wife of the peasant proprietor was the fortune of France-hard work, sober, thrifty, always working in the house, the fields, the market. Herdaughter did not wear rings, but when she went to service every month she paid a visit to the savings bank when she got her wages; an English servant girl got a new hat and was photographed in it. The more he saw of American women the more deeply he was impressed with the conviction that they were totally unlike all other women. There were few women to be compared with them in a drawing-room; none with whom men felt more at ease. They had beauty but it was not equal to that of the English women; but it was their intellectual qualities that were striking. In the largest cities of America at any hour the streets were perfectly respectable. The influence of women was e formous, and mortality profited by it. The respect that women seemed to inspire in America in men of all classes enabled girls to go about in security. He sometimes thought the American women telt a little mild still if the way she looked toward me | contempt for the poor creature called man. They were the most natural an I unconventional of women. If he did not know much of women he knew a great deal of men, and his most sincere conviction wis that there were very lew men, indeed, who were good enough for women. People said sometimes that roses had thorns, but they should also remember that the thorns had roses, and the roses of life were the women.

Insomnia is fearfully on the increase. The rush and excitement of modern life so tax the system that multitudes of people are deprived of good and sufficient sleep, with ruinous consequences to the nerves. Remember Ayer's Sarsaparilla makes the weak strong.

SHIRT CUFFS. Many Men Use Them as Pads for Jotting Down Things.

A London laundryman says that the use of shirt cuffs for jotting down memoranda is more common posed. He related how one day a young fellow drove up in a cab and rushed into the office in great excitement, asking whether some shirts deposited in the name of L had been washed.

We found they had not, and as the owner turned them over in feverish heat he fairly yelled with joy, pointing to a little column of figures on the left cuff of one, which he explained were the numbers of eight ten pound bank notes which had been lost or stolen, and had the shirts been washed all hopes of ever getting them back must have been abandoned.

They were, however, successfully traced and recovered a few days later. The cuffs of stock exchange men are often covered with mysterious characters, presumably indica-"tips" found on the wrist lines of racing men were actually taken odvantage of by ironing girls on one or two occasions with success. It is not yet recorded, however, that the mannish young woman has taken to "cuff jotting," as she has to cuff and shirt wearing, -N. O. Picayuae,

## They Have No Corns.

Mdlle. Cerale, a premiere assoluta, was asked by a Boston reporter whether it was true that ballet dancers suffered intensely from corns, as, be said, it had been re-

"I have traveled with ballet troupes off and on for fifteen years all over the world," said she, "and have had lots of opportunities to hear all about their woes and ailments, but I never heard corns mentioned. Dancers are least likely of all women to be so troubled, for they make no secret of looking out for the comfort and well being of their feet before everything else. I can pick out a ballet girl in a crowd by her feet every time.

When chorus and ballet are mixed ogether in street dress I can readily tell which is which, for the dancers all wear larger shoes than most of their sex. They go in for comfort In footwear, because it means bread He had been traveling for eight years and butter to them. The clorus girl, of course, has the common weakness of her sex for squeezing her foot into the smallest possible shoe. The dancer can't afford to; she must wear on easy, wide shoe."

## One Missing.

Of course there were funny inci-dents at Bath's big fire. There always are at such times. One excited woman was heard counting up her flock to see if all were safe and a bystander reports in this wise her answer in response to her husband's question: "Are we all here?" "Oh, John, I don't know; there is five of us, or ought to be!" Then she counted: "There's Mary, one, Jamey, two, Will, three, and you, John, four, and oh, dear! O-o-o John, run quick, there ain't but four-of us."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Hair Ornaments Ribbon hair ornaments continue and constantly increase in popular-ity. For those to whom bandeaux are not becoming a pert little satin bow can be tied into the top of a long bone hairpin, which may then be stuck into the coil or braid at the most effective and most effective angle.

Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

A LONG TRIP ABROAD.

The winter night was closing, dark and drear, around the tumult and hustle of the railroad station in the heart of the city. Without, the snow fell, white and ceaselessly, and the fiery eye of the locomotive threw a line of light through the darkness for yards around.

Hugh Southbank was walking slowly up and down the platform, with his arms resting carelessly on the shoulder of Alfred Neville, his dearest friend. Both were wrapped

"So you are really setting forth, Hugh!" exclaimed Neville. "And when shall you return home?" "I can scarcely tell-certainly not

in many years, and perhaps never. I may become a Russian, or possibly pitch my tent among the palm trees 'Hugh," said his friend, turning

so as to look into the dark eyes that were partially hidden by the furso entirely?"

returned Southbank, evasively. "Hugh!" said Neville, reproach-

so we parted."

"She married Charles Calthorpe

ple, my boy, and take unto yourself

know that you haven't turned mus-Bengal.

earnest hands and then Alfred Neville stood alone on the platform, a mist that was not the dew of melting snowflakes before his eyes, and the express train was speeding away through the gloom and darkness of

"Is this seat engaged, sir?" Hugh Southbank answered in the

The twilight of the half-illuminated car, the heated atmosphere within and the swift, tremulous motion of the train were alike favorable to dream fancies, and it was not particularly pleasant to be roused up to make room for a lady and two little

"People haven't any business to be traveling with children!" grumbled the fat man with spectacles opposite, across whose outstretched feet the little four-year-old had

Hugh Southbank-whether out of the sheer spirit of contradiction or from Christian charity will never be known-leaned forward and took the four-year-old upon his knee while he assisted the lady to dispose of her manifold traveling bags and bundles.

knee quite made up for his mother's taciturnity by clamorously demanding to see the stranger's watch and rubbing his cheek delightedly against the costly furs which edged Hugh's traveling coat.

Southbank did not answer.

"Hugh, dear, don't talk any more," interrupted the soft, tremulous voice at Southbank's side, with

very heart. Southbank leaned forward to get a glimpse of the face that belonged to the sweet low voice, but it was useless; the car was too dark.

tion coming to his aid. "Mamma says I'm not to talk, pouted the child.
"Tickets if you please," shouted

"Hold your lantern here a minute, my man. Where did I put that ticket?" said Hugh, ostentatiously

All right, indeed, for in the full

# ABSOLUTELY PURE

Through the lonely winter soli-

niles on miles of dreary hills and

iron lungs breathing columns of

fiery smoke, its solitary eye of red

flame cleaving the darkness like a

Long ago the child on Hugh's

knee had fallen asleep, but neither Hugh nor Edith evinced the least tendency to drift off into dream-

land, for the pale and beautiful young widow had told the simple

story of her life to him who had once

"But I am wearying you," she

"No, Edith," said Southbank, re-proachfully. "Who should be inter-ested in the history of your sorrows

vice."
"I will do whatever you reco

"But the children, Hugh?"

"They shall be my children too!"

to see you, Hugh Southbank? Why,

thought you were en route for the

east, and was just considering the

propriety of directing a letter to

Stamboul, when here you turn up in

"I have changed all my plans,

Neville, and concluded to remain

"And what magic spell has wrought this transformation?"

morning to Mrs. Charles Calthorpe

formerly Edith Sayre. Come round to the hotel this evening and let me

introduce you to Mrs. Southbank!"
--Boston Globe.

A Sliding Scale.

The boy was covered with mud to the top of his kilt skirt, there

were mud patches on his face and

hair and he had lost his hat, but in

his hand he grasped a chicken—a limp, wet and muddy chicken. It

was the cause of his trouble, for he

had thrown stones in the yard that

afternoon and had accidentally killed the chicken. His sister had

declared that she could not love such

a cruel boy. Then he had disap-peared and had been found stuck in

When he saw his mother his feel

ings overcame him and he burst into

"My sister doesn't love me! my

sister doesn't love me! I want to

get losted in the woods and let the

"But," said his mother, "you cried when you pinched your finger with the clothespin, and it would hurt you far more if the bears should

The boy was interested and dried

his tears. "I mean a kind, tame bear," he said, choking a sob.

"But a tame bear has sharp teeth."

The boy rubbed his eyes with his

muddy hand and was lost in thought for awhile. Then he raised his head.

His countenance was cheerful, there

was not a trace of sorrow in his tone and he cried: "I mean—I mean

a nice little curly dog wifout any teef."—Harper's Young People.

Walnut Pickles

Gather white walnuts when suf-

been added seven ounces of ginger, seven ounces of salt, two heads of

garlie, a tablespoonful of scraped horseradish, two pods of red pepper,

"A wife. I was married yesterday

"Hal-lo! Who on earth expected

confidently expected to share it.

said, timidly.

left penniless.

mend, Hugh.'

be my wife?'

Broadway!"

swamp.

ears eat me!"

quietly at home."

glare of the fantern he had discovered the key to that troublesome

enigma. Their eyes had met for one second, and Hugh Southbank knew that Edith Sayre was sitting beside tudes—through the glens of icicle-nung trees and snowy ravines and vales-darted the night express, its

to the throat in furs.

trimmed cap of the traveler, "I remember when you were the quietest and most home-loving of prosaic individuals. What has changed you "Time works changes in us all,"

"surely we have not been fast friends for twenty years for you to deny me your confidence at last?" "I have no secrets for you, Neville," replied Hugh, somewhat soft-

Nor am I unwilling to concould scarcely realize that this meek, fess to you that the whole current of timid creature was the haughty, high-spirited Edith Sayre of six my life has been changed since that unlucky quarrel with Edith Sayre years since. At last he spoke rather six years ago. We both acted very like a couple of foolish children, and nervously:
"I know of but one plan, Edith,
and I fear, even in this instance, "And what has become of her?"

years ago and I have long lost sight "Why don't you follow her exam-

Southbark shrugged his shoul-

"Hallo! here comes your train! In with you, old fellow-drop me a line now and then, just to let me sulman at Constantinople or taken to tiger hunting in the jungles of

There was a cordial grasp of two the winter night.

negative, almost petulantly, for the conductor's voice roused him from a deep reverie into which he had fallen.

stumbled.

"Thank you, sir!" The words were spoken so low that Southbank scarcely caught their sound, but the rosy little boy on his

"Papa had a fur coat like thispapa is dead!" chattered the little fellow, lifting his brown eyes to Hugh Southbank's with innocent

"And mamma is going to B-Mamma has only nine dollars left." went on the small chatterer.

an accent that thrilled him to the

"And what is your name, my little fellow?" he asked, a sudden inspira-

the conductor, bustling down the

half an ounce each of ground mace cloves, allspice and orange peel The vinegar should be strained.— Ladies' Home Journal. -Do not pitch the tune too high

when you sing your own praises.-

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## R. R. WEDDING.

BEAVER DAM, KY.

## M. L. HEAVRIN.

benefit of these little ones, who are HARTFORD, KY. "Mr. Southbank, your circle of friends is large and influential—at least I know that it was. Can you tell me of any situation in which I Will practice his profession in all the Courts of Ohio and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Office, in County Attorney's office, in Court House. could earn a livelihood, however Hugh was silent an instant; he

> Perry Westerfield, Attorney at Law.

W. H. BARNES

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"It is a year to-night since Charles died," she added, "and I feel that it is my duty to exert myself for the

BEAVER DAM, KY. you will be unwilling to take my adend, Hugh."
"Then you will let the six years ATTORNEY that have passed be but a dream,

and stand once more at my side as we stood together in auld lang syne. WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. I have never ceased to love you. Edith! Will you forget the past and

## M. H. WHITE

Office over Carson & Co.

